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SLEEPIN' AT THE FOOT
and Other Poems

By Rev. Martin Shepherd Brown

Memorial Edition

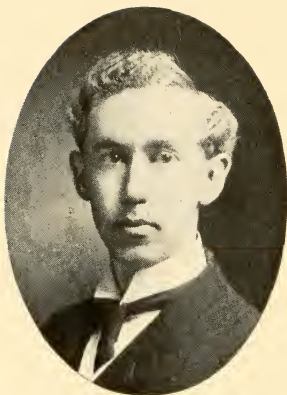


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“SLEEPIN’ AT THE FOOT”

AND OTHER POEMS

By REV. MARTIN SHEPHERD BROWN

MEMORIAL EDITION

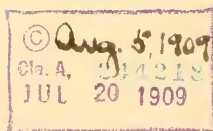
Collected by

MRS. JENNIE MARIE BROWN

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BIOGRAPHY.

Rev. Martin Shepherd Brown was born on a farm near English, Crawford County, Indiana, January 5, 1877. He was educated in the common schools of his native county and graduated from the English high school in 1894. He afterward spent some time in study at the Ohio Valley Normal College at Corydon, Indiana, and was afterward a student at Indiana University.

He was, for a good number of years both a public and high school teacher in southern Indiana, and in Oklahoma. Then he taught art and bookkeeping in Indianapolis. He was for several years during his vacations an institute instructor in art and music in Indiana and Oklahoma. He was a lecturer and cartoonist of no mean ability. But it was in his calling as a minister of the gospel that he was destined to win renown, having refused tempting offers as a cartoonist to devote his life to his Master's service.

Trained in a Christian home, he was converted early in life, and at the age of fourteen he united with the M. E. Church, of which he was long a faithful member.

At the age of twenty-six he was led to devote his life to the Christian ministry in his church.

His first charge was on the Acton circuit in the Indiana Conference, in which charge he spent nearly three years of arduous toil, in which time he led 300 into the church. His next work was at Riley, Indiana, where he was even more successful.

He was ordained to the ministry in 1908. He was married to Miss Jennie Showalter, of Acton, Indiana, June 27, 1906.

After over two years of work in his last field he was taken ill, and after four weeks of intense suffering he was released from his labors and passed into a well-earned rest on the Sabbath day, January 31, 1909.

In life he was always congenial and made friends wherever he went. Though he was in the ministry but five years, probably but few men have had a more successful ministry than he, and but few left behind more friends to mourn his loss.

DEDICATION.

"I am the resurrection and the life," saith the Lord.
"He that believeth in me shall not perish, but have
everlasting life."

He who penned the following lines has passed to his reward, and we present them to the public as a memorial to his life and work. To the memory of a loving husband and tenderest friend these pages are most affectionately dedicated by his wife.

JENNIE MARIE BROWN.

SLEEPIN' AT THE FOOT.

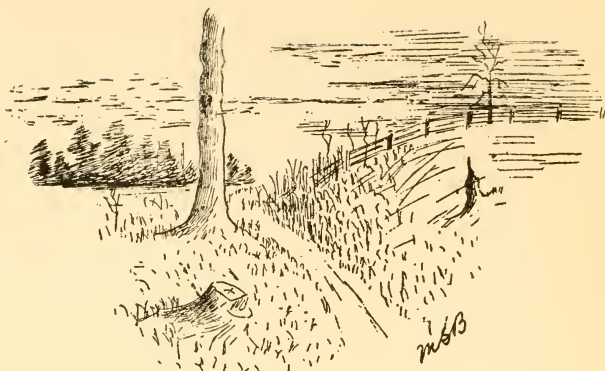
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma—
Reckon I don't rickollect?—Ah law!
An' you can't imagine how good it seems
To jist go back there in my dreams
To the ol' loghouse an' set an' muse
By the ol' fireplace—nen take a snooze
On the ol' cord-bed, an' "saw an' saw"
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!

Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma—
Think I'm afraid in the dark then? Pshaw!
Not afraid of a grizzly bear,
Ner the biggest ghost that's anywhere!
Tucked up warm at the foot of the bed—
Druther sleep there than up at the head,
It makes no difference if feathers or straw
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!

Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!
With Pa's big heel ag'in' my jaw,
Dreamin' again of childhood days
Livin' again the boyish ways—
Sweetest of all of life to me!
Fondest of all in memory!
When troubles of life I ne'er forsaw—
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!

Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!
An' how I'd love to see her draw
The kivers back so soft and grand
An' nen to feel her gentle hand
A liftin' me—an' hear her speak
An' feel her warm lips on my cheek—
The happiest moment I ever saw—
Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!

Sleepin' at the foot with Pa an' Ma!
Safe from winter's winds so raw,
Safe from the howling storms of life
Safe from the world with all its strife.
O how I wish I might steal once more
Back through the past to the ol' log door
An' shut myself in for a night an' draw
My soul up snugly with Pa an' Ma!



TO THE OLD DEAD TREE ON THE HILL.

All my life I've watched you standing
In the meadow on the hill,
And you've always looked so lonesome
With your branches cold and still.

Oft I've stood as twilight gathered,
When the sky was tinged with gray,
With attentive ear, and longing
Just to know what you would say.

Can't you tell to me the story
Of your life so long ago?
What has brought to you this sorrow?
For I wonder why it's so.

"If you'll listen, I will tell you
What I often do repeat.
All this trouble that you speak of
Is a story true and sweet.

"Years ago a little acorn,
That had fallen from its cup,
Lay upon the mosses sleeping,
And was gently covered up.

"This was in the time of Autumn,
When the robe of faded hue,
Like an old forsaken garment,
Lay all wrinkled in the dew.

"Through the winter's cold it slumbered,
But in spring it sprang to life;
Then began its songs of Nature—
Songs which mock all human strife.

"Years and years it grew still larger
Till it stood a spreading tree,
Bearing only one sweet message;
This is how I came to be.

"But *you* see me here all lonely
And you wonder why it's so;
It was man that made me lonely
Not so many years ago.

"Yet my life has long been taken,
And my boughs, though bare and cold,
Have been spared to tell the story
Which to me is never old.

"Many sweet and pleasant fables
Could I tell you of the dell;
Many sighs and laughs and whispers
Of the wood-land could I tell.

"But I gave this life of beauty,
As a sacrifice alone,
And revealed the end of living
Which all Nature must atone.

"This the message then I'll tell you:
Make your life both true and grand;
When your life is taken from you
On the hill-top you may stand."

Dear old oak, thy words of wisdom
Make grateful thoughts within me rise;
Where'er I roam this wide world over
May I see thee pictured 'gainst the skies.

When the evening shadows deepen—
Night draws near so cold and still,
May my memory be left standing
Like the Dead Tree on the Hill.



JESUS WILL BE WITH ME.

Some day when the shadows deepen
O'er the pathway which I tread,
I shall know my Lord is near me,
With his love around me spread.
I shall feel his touch most tender
On my brow, and hear him say,
"Do not fear, my child, I love thee,
I am with thee all the way."

When I enter that dark valley
Where no friend can go with me;
When I hear the breakers beating
From the vast eternity;
Just to know that Thou art with me,
Jesus, master of the sea,
With thy tender smile of welcome,
Will a joy forever be.

As I reach the golden harbor
And the darkness flees away,
Heaven's angels there will bid me
Welcome to eternal day.
Earthly sorrows all forgotten,
Sin and darkness all are o'er—
With the children's voices singing
Heaven's joys forever more.

When I stand in that fair city
With the dear ones who are there,
And receive a crown of beauty,
May my Lord its glory share;
For 'twas he in old Judea
Suffered death and cruel shame,
Then let Heaven sing his glory
And the angels praise his name.

LICKIN' THE SPOON.

I love to think of boyhood,
With its barefoot days of glee,
An' pawpaw, whoops an' whistles,
An' its haws an' sarvis tree;
But how about that castor oil?—
I won't forget that soon—
With six big drops of turpentine
'Nen haft to lick the spoon.

Now, of course, a lump of sugar
Is a mighty help in haste.
When yer taking paragorick
So's to sorter take the taste;
But a barrel of sugar wouldn't
Take the taste away by noon,
When it comes to takin' castor
An' ye haft to lick the spoon.

Ner it done no good to mix it,
Like I've seen some people do,
In a teacupful of coffee
Er a maple-syrup stew,
Fer you'd allus git the castor—
Yes, an' taste it mighty soon,
An' it weren't a bit the better
Than t' haft to lick the spoon.

Lots o' times I've thought the reason
That so many people look
So puny-like an' sickly,
Is because they never took
Their dose jist like they'd ort to—
Kinder waitin' on the moon,
Er something else, I reckon,
'Stid of lickin' out the spoon.

'Course I ain't a givin' lectures
'Bout the way to cure the sick,
Er a sellin' of a remedy
To kill a pain right quick;
Yit I never knowed a treatment
That would cure so awful soon
But what afore 't was over with
They had to lick the spoon.

So when the dose is bitter
An' we've got to take it down,
Les shet our eyes an' swaller
An' without a gag or frown;
Cause the world has got its sorrows
Fur us all, both night an' noon,
But I'm sure we'll come out better
If we'll bravely lick the spoon.



MUSINGS OF OLD UNCLE NED.

Things ain't like they used to be,
They've ruther changed to mystery,
And every pleasure that once did seem
Of mine to be, is but a dream.
I've traveled long this path of life
That's filled with contentions and strife;
And yet, whene'er I think to die
There's somtlin' nuther seems to tie
My heart, which now in rapture thrills,
To the wood and glen and forest-hills.
But now the music of the bird
Is not to me as once I heard;
The songs that once did give relief
Are battling now with untold grief.
When now I come to view the place
Where loved ones met me face to face;
When now I see the home so well
Where dearest friend I bade farewell,
I look to Him whom oft I've told
That He my sorrows may behold.
When all the world seemed cold and still
He did his promises fulfill;
And as my sorrows are but great,
I will but look to Him and wait.

I see once more the home of youth,
The blessed smiles of love and truth,
The love-light gathers round the hearth
Mingled with unmolested mirth;
Foot-steps soft and voices sweet
That often did my coming greet.
Alas! how changed and different all!
Sweet summer leaves must sere and fall.
Each place that's vacant round the stone
Is now most brilliant round the throne.
And as my years are speeding by
I'll live in faith to meet on high.

OUT IN OKLAHOMA.

It's jis' the same ol' sun a-shinin'
Out here, peers lik, as it wuz
When we left ol' Indiany—
I don' know—sometimes it does
Seem, perhaps, a leetle warmer—
Maby I'm mistaken, though,
But there's one thing purty sartin—
Beats all how the wind can blow!

Blow, did I say? Well, I reckon!
Why, by gum! I've run my hat
Every day sence we've ben out here—
Now I don' know where it's at.
Course, I s'pose I'll git to like it
Out here maby—I don' know—
Crops is good, and so's the neighbors
Beats all how the wind can blow!

W'y, the first day we got out here,
It wuz jis' so nice an still
I tol' Marthy an' the chilern
'At we'd seed our last big hill;
Course, I don' know what she's thinkin'—
Marthy allus was right slow
'Bout complainin'—Well, she did say
"Beats all how the wind can blow!"

The trouble is, it's too oncertain;
Now like yisterday I thought
I'd take a load of cobs to Newton's
Nen bring back a stove I'd bought.
An' before I got my horses
More 'an half-way hitched to go
Saw a big ol' "norther" comin'—
Beats all how the wind can blow!

Oh! I guess we'll jis' stay out here.
Sowed two forties down in wheat,
Think next year I'll try some cotton—
Oklahoma can't be beat.
All ye do to crops is plant 'em,
Nen jis' set an' watch 'em grow;
Course, there's some things not so pleasant;
Beats all how the wind can blow!

MATILDA.

W'y, she won't way more'n ninty!
Er a hundred at 'er best,
But I somehow keep a thinkin'
'At she's better'n all the rest.
Course I know now there's Susana—
Jist as good as she can be,
An' there's Eveline an' Dor'thy—
Jist plum full of fun an' glee,
But there's something 'bout Matilda—
I don't know, sometimes it seems
'At I think so much about 'er,
I can see 'er in my dreams.
After all she aint so purty
Ner she doesn't dress so fine,
But there's somethin' 'bout her actin'
'At jist takes these eyes o' mine.
Wisht you'd see 'er when she's milkin'
With 'er mother's big ol' shawl
On 'er head—an' that blue apen—
Nen I wish you'd hear 'er call
When the cows are in the pasture—
Don't ye know, I sometimes think
When I'm in the field a plowin'
I can hear 'er callin' "Pink."
Wisht you'd sometimes hear 'er singin'
Er a readin' from a book
Er a hummin' in the kitchen
When she's startin' in to cook.

Yes, er even hear 'er laughin'—
Why I do jist wish ye could—
'Bout some joke 'er somethin' 'r other
I jist b'lieve it'd do ye good.
But sometime when you are weary
When your soul is full of grief,
When your heart is almost broken
An' ye long to find relief,
Nen I wish you'd see 'er smilin'
With such gentleness an' cheer,
See 'er eyes so soft an' tender,
Hear 'er voice so soft an' clear,
Nen you'd see some teardrops fallin'
As they used to fall fer me
An' you'd feel 'er gentle spirit
With its love an' sympathy.
I jist gess that's why I love 'er—
I can't tell—I wisht I could,
Why she's best, unless the reason
Is, because she's jist so good.



A MOST PECULIAR MUSE.

I took my book an' pencil—

Thought I'd stroll out through the wood
Till my soul 'us full of music

Then I'd write up somethin' good.
Fur the papers, when they git it—

Well, unless yer piece is fit
To put right up in printin',
That's the last ye'll see of it.

So I walked out through the medder,

Where the grasses whispered low,
An' the golden-rods 'us noddin',

Where the cat-tails used to grow,
An' I heard the tall Vernonia

Sing a love-song to the tree,
An' I tell ye that their music
Wus as sweet as it could be.

Down the ol' road, roun' the hillside,

Then I wandered carelessly
To the deep an' shaded lowland,

Where I loved so much to be;
Where I used to love to linger,

Till my boyish soul 'ud git
Jist so full of nature's music
I can purtny feel it yit.

How all nature seemed to thrill me,

As my soul 'us filled with joy,
An' again the happy moments

Come to me as when a boy!
How I longed to write the story.

As I then set down to rest,
When my soul was lifted higher
By a yellor-jacket's nest!!!!

BROTHER "DICK."

I often think of brother "Dick"
An' sometimes jist git plum homesick
To see 'im now agin.
An' once 'n a while I take a bawl,
An' I don' know but after all
As 'at's a great big sin.

Of course we aint so fur away
But what I could most any day
Go visit him an' "Joe."
But somehow, sir, I allus wuz
So chicken hearted that it does
Seem hard to plum outgrow.

Ye see now, Dick an' me wuz all
The boys Pap had, an' long las' fall
Dick thought he'd try the South,
Fur crops had been so awful bad
They weren't no one up here that had
A thing left from the drouth—

An' I don' know but what it's best
Fur a feller to sorter steal his nest
Off som'ers anyway.
Fur the chicken 'at stays 'round where 'e 'us hatched
Won't find many bugs where the old'ns scratched,
That is, enough to pay.

An' nen whenever ye try to crow
If yer off somewhere, wy don't ye know
They'll not be doubtin yer stock
An' call ye a "Bantam" an' shew ye down,
But every feller 'at comes aroun'
'Ill say yer a "Plymouth Rock."

I guess Dick's doin' well enough,
The way the papers kinder puff
About 'im since 'e went.
But whether they puff er not, it's Dick
To jis git down an' work an' stick
An' never keer a cent.

An' 'at jis makes me think of how
The feller ust to work an' plow
Before he's even strong.
An' how he chopped an' labored so
A carryin' back-logs thru the snow
When Pap wuz sick so long.

Dick, I jis can't help it if I do
Happen to tell I'm proud o' you
Sence you've clim up so grand.
An' if it wer'nt fur people now
A talk'in, I'd jis tell ye how
I'd love to shake yer hand.



MY FATHER.

To whose noble heart these lines are most sacredly dedicated on his sixty-first birthday, March 29, 1903.

I think of you, dear father, now
So oft since we're apart,
And feel the tender cord that binds
Me to your noble heart;
I think of all you've borne for me
Through all these years so true,
Then why should I once hesitate
To tell my love for you!

You, who held me in your arms
So oft in tender years,
And planned for me a noble life
With prayers and bitter tears;
You, who taught me by your own
A life so pure and sweet—
Should not I hold sacred e'er
The steps of your dear feet!

And when I think of how your lot
Has been so filled with pain
And how affliction held you so,
My heart is touched again;
For oft I've seen the tear-drops fall
From your fond eyes so dear,
And saw the manly struggle that
Has kept you with us here.

But nobly you have borne it all,
So patient you have been,
And though your body's wrecked and weak,
Yet still so pure within
Is your sweet life of *hope* and *love*
So precious to us all,
So full of Heaven's peace and joy
That waits the Master's call.

God bless your dear old heart today,
And may *His* tender grace
Still grant to us through other years
The light of your sweet face.
And may your manly spirit be
With us to guide and cheer,
As oft it has so nobly done
In days to us most dear.

But should we never meet again,
Dear father, oh! how sweet
Will be the happy greeting when
We meet at Jesus' feet!
For there no pain shall ever come
To mar the peace and love
Of that fair land where beauty dwells,
In Heaven's bright land above!



A LETTER TO SISTER MINNIE.

Ben a thinkin' 'bout ye, Minnie,
Thought we'd write most every day,
Cause we know'd ye'd be so lonesome
Sence the other gals wuz 'way.
But somehow we kep neglectun
And we jist plum put it off
Till we're 'shamed purtny to write ye,
Course I've had an offil cough.

Marth and me have been a thinkin'—
Course we know'd ye had a home
There with mother 'n pap, a teachin',
But we loud ye liked to come
When yer school wuz out and see us,
If you thought you'd like it here—
Marthy said you's jist as welcome
As you could be—It aint fur.

Wy, we've ben here now I reckon
Right close on to thirteen year—
Guess we've done right well considerin;
Course we're not fixed up out here
Like we wuz in Indiany—
Lumber cost so much ye know,
We aint got our house quite finished—
You can put up with it, though.

Marthy said she had a feller
Picked out fur ye when ye come—
Kind a bachelor, I reckon—
I don't know jist where he's frum.
Think he come here 'long in August,
Er—September, guess it wuz—
He's alright—I guess he's forty.
Work? Well you jis' bet he does!

Write and tell us when ye're comin',
Anyhow a day er so
'Fore ye start so's we can meet ye.
Archie says he's goin' to go
To the train with me an' Marthy
So you'll get to see his suit—
Got it Monday when I's over
To the farmers' institute.

I don't guess you'd hardly know 'im
Now—he's gettin' up so tall
'At we can't keep clos' to fit him.
My! and learnin'—W'y last fall
Had to get a new Third Reader;
And I ekspect this year he'll need
'Nother book, for someway 'r other
Seems like he jis' loves to read.

Well I guess I'll stop, and tell ye
All about it when ye come,
And I ekspect, too, maby Marthy
Will be fixed for talkin' some.
Tell pap I said him and mother
Had to come next time, and see
How we live in Oklahoma—
'Taint much like it ust to be.

WHININ'.

Uv all the mortal ailin's
That's a pesterin' the race,
An' them that's downright ketchin'
When you stop an' kinder trace
The symptoms uv 'em keerful,
S'as to know you're in the right,
A case of plain-out whinin'
Puts 'em all plum out of sight.

I kin put up with gruntin'
If it's toothache er a bile
Er someone's feelin' puny—
But if you jis want to rile
My dander up to business
Till ye git me out of line,
When they haint a thing a hurtin'
Let some feller start a whine.

Er some ol' woman either,
Fur it's jist the same ol' whine.
'Cept it's keyed a little higher
S'as to show it's feminine—
Kinder what you'd call surpranner,
Sometimes alto, too, I guess,
Nen when mixed with bass an' tenor
It makes music I confess.

I sometimes think it's catchin'
If yer 'mongst it very much;
Er a sociatin' with it—
I've seed cases of jist such,
Where it peered to run in families
Er at times, a neighborhood,
'An the children all 'ud take it
Till they'd break out with it good.

An' somehow them 'at got it
Never seem to get plum well,
They's more or less of symptoms
Allus plain enough to tell

That poison's still a lurkin'
In the system some'rs yit,
A waitin' fur a fever
Jist to agg it on a bit.

It might be vaccination
Would be good in helping out—
To keep the thing from spreadin',
But I think, beyond a doubt,
As long as they is people
On this side the judgment line,
They'll be a few amongst 'em
That'll allus keep a whine.

I think a dose of gospel
In the good ol' fashioned style—
Before it's been diluted—
Frum the contents of the vial
Where God has done the mixin'
Once for all the human race,
When took by His directions
Will affect most any case.



WHEN GRAN'PA COMES.

When gran'pa comes he always brings
Cakes an' candy an' lots o' things,
An' takes us up on his knee an' sings,
 Nen hums—
 When gran'pa comes.

When gran'pa comes he talks and talks,
An' tells about a horse 'at balks,
An' shows how old man Higgins walks,
 Nen hums—
 When gran'pa comes.

When gran'pa comes he always feeds
An' helps us thrash out mustard-seed,
Nen washes an' combs an' sets an' reads
 An' hums—
 When gran'pa comes.

When gran'pa comes he sets up late
An' makes me pictures on my slate,
An' makes crowfoots an' dolls for Kate,
 Nen hums—
 When gran'pa comes.

When gran'pa comes next time, I'll get
To take another ride an' set
With him up where he drives ol' "Bet,"
 An' hums—
 When gran'pa comes.

THE OL' BOOT-JACK.

It's been a long time sence them days
When Mother 'n Pap 'us alive
An' all us chilern 'us little tads
When Ed wern't more 'an five.
An' don't ye know now ever time
I let my mind go back,
I somehow jist can't help but think
About the ol' boot-jack.

W'y law! I can see the ol' fireplace
With its bright an' cheery glow
An' all us chilern settin' 'round
The ol' harth in a row—
Nen afterwhile you'd hear Pap say,
"Come now, les all push back—
It's time we's all in bed—an' Tom,
Bring in the ol' boot-jack."

But pore ol' Pap—I wish I could
Jist hear 'im talk again
An' hear 'im tellin' jokes an' laugh,
An' see 'im set an' grin,
An' nen see Mother hang the pot
An' stuff the ol' door-crack,
An' set an' knit an' watch us when
We used the ol' boot-jack.

An' my! but how I loved to put
My heels within its grip
An' nen jist set back plum full tilt
An' feel my ol' boot slip,
An' nen ketch hold of Granny's chur
To keep from fallun back—
Say! I'd pull 'em off right now, I b'lieve,
'F I had the ol' boot-jack.

I often think of them good times
That seem so sweet to me,
When nuthin come about to spile
The hours of fun an' glee;
An' ever time I git a chance
To wander o'er the track,
I want to stop an' stay all night
An' use the ol' boot-jack.

NO WELCOME.

The Master called in childhood,
In life's sweet, golden day,
When love knew not a sorrow—
He called—and went away.

Again, in youth He whispered,
When spring had reached it's May
Of flowers, song and sunshine—
He called—but went away.

He called in life's fair moontime,
To cheer the heart's dismay,
'Mid toil and pain and longing—
He called—and went away.

At evening, in the twilight,
With hope's last fading ray
He lingered, sad, heart-broken—
He called—and went away.

WHEN YE GIT BACK WHERE YER KNOWED.

I've been away from home a heep,
But sometimes I jist git
So awful homesick all at once,
I can't git rid of it.
No matter what I'm workin' at
Er how my wealth has growed
They hain't a thing 'll help me
Till I git back where I'm knowed.

Ye see it makes a feller feel
Jis' like he's young again
To git back to the same ol' woods
'At he 'us raised up in;
To meet an' shake hands with his friends
An' schoolmates who have growed
Plum till ye couldn't tell 'em
When ye git back where yer knowed.

There's somethin' kinder solemn-like
About it when ye think
Of how ye used to lay down at
The ol' spring branch an' drink;
An' how ye climbed the steep hillside
To roll down rocks, an' throw'd
At birds an' trees an' hornets
When ye lived back where yer knowed.

I love the happy days of youth
I love each bird an' tree,
An' every foot of mossy earth
Is sacred yit to me;
An' oft I hear the echoes clear
Of boyish voices throw'd
From hillsides over meadows
Like I used to where I's knowed.

An' when the weary pathway seems
Too steep for me to tread
An' life with all its burdens seems
Too hard, I want instead
To go back in my memory
Beside the shady road
An' smell the woods an' clover,
Like I used to where I's knowed.

NATURE.

Nature fashions, we may say,
In some silent mystic way,
All her robes of grand array,
Which she wears.
And before the coming morn.
Has arrived with toil and scorn,
Treads the pathway to adorn
All our cares.

As the evening shadows still
O'er the meadows and the hill,
Then she whispers to the rill
In the dale;
And she trains the little bird
In a language not of word,
How to sing the songs we heard
From the vale.

Did you ever see her dressed
When you thought she looked the best,
Not forgetting all the rest,
She once wore?
Do you think she looks in style,
As she passes down the aisle,
With her same sweet pleasant smile
As before?

Were you ever made rejoice
By the sweetness of her voice,
With your loneliness your choice,
Unaware!
As you walked across the field
Did you ever pause to yield
To the beauties she revealed
Everywhere?

I have looked into the sky,
When the clouds were heaped up high
And I saw her passing by
 On her throne.
And along the rough old lane,
Where I'd like to play again,
She, I know, did "use" to reign,
 All alone.

When I wandered o'er the wold,
All thy glories to behold,
Something came and whispered bold,
 Like an elf;
And returning by the glen,
Like the rambling of the wren,
Looked into the pool and then—
 Saw myself.

Nature fashions, we may say,
If we'll only take her way,
All our lives from day to day,
 By her own.
And the truth that's everywhere
Will bespeak our every care,
And her glories we will share
 On our throne.



THE EARTH.

Far out is stretched thy rugged form from zone to zone,
Upon her mystic throne,
Where sweetest notes refrain,
And every dell in whispers doth complain;
Where golden sunbeams seek and find domain,
Queen Nature rules supreme,
And untold millions creep and struggle through life's dream.

'Tis here the birds and beasts attend the brook's repine,
All homage to Divine,
The gift which Nature owes,
By landscape's beauty at the evening's close;
And voices of the twilight in repose,
Be done e'en by the grave,
And yet in silence like the moon-beam, gentle, suave.

The wondrous hills and vales, the mighty fall relate,
Yet doomed be thy fate;
The sweetest notes are borne,
From glen and bough and shady nook forlorn;
And purest gems from Flora do adorn
Thy brow with tender smiles,
And yet thy furrowed visage untold years beguiles.

The mountain peaks, like spires above thy cities rise;
Ascending to the skies,
The smoky volumes burst,
Where fiery droughts have quenched the gorge's thirst;
And village, field and forest were immersed,
By flowing streams of fire,
And thundering tones retire where tones alone retire.

Upon thy fields and plains encamp a mighty host;
And like the sparkling frost,
Upon the meadow gray,
A wondrous fleet lies anchored in the bay;
And cables thread the ocean far away,
To bear thy people's thought,
And stretching o'er thy face great wonders have been wrought.

This is the state of man. Behold him on his throne,
Reigning from zone to zone;
Nor does he lack for power
But casts his face to heaven day and hour,
Whence cometh wisdom like the summer shower,
And like the torrents roll
Eroding even to the cleansing of the soul.

Look up, proclaim, Oh smile, ye regions of my soul;
Ye mountains of the pole
Shake down your rugged walls
And let the golden beams whose sweetness falls
Once kiss the brook where darkness now enthrals;
Speak truth where vapors rise,
For they, though wafted off, return to thy surprise.

DRANPA'S HOE.

Say, Uncle Martie, w'y don't you know
You mus'nt bother Dranpa's hoe,
Cause Dranpa, he—he said so.

An' don't you know, w'y Dranpa, he
Said 'at you must let it be
So he can catch a mole, ye see.

Uncle Martie, d'you think moles is cute?
An' haint they got the *sharpest* snoot,
An' they can 'ist root an' root.

I tell ye the moles is awful bad—
Dranpa sometimes looks plum mad
An' says 'f they's all dead he'd be glad.

Wouldn't you hate to be a mole
An' haft to just keep root'n a hole—
I wouldn't do it to save your soul!

MY GRANDFATHER'S COTTAGE.

When reflecting o'er life's early morning,
O'er visions that once used to be,
Like a stream from a pure flowing fountain,
Come the memories that are sweet to me.

Among them the purest and brightest,
That are written in memory's book,
Is my grandfather's old log cottage,
Just the way its used to look.

The pathway that led up the hillside,
So steep and winding I see,
The gate where we entered the pasture,
And by it the old beech tree.

The barn that stood on the hill-top,
And the peach trees as sentinels so near,
Are pictures so plain and so vivid,
That shall never from my mind disappear.

Oft have I thought of the garden,
And the old fence around it so tall,
And the gooseberry row in the center,
Like a natural living wall.

Just west of the house was the orchard,
With apples so pretty and red,
And one kind, I remember especially,
Were almost as large as my head.

When a boy 'twas the greatest of pleasures,
And now 'tis a pleasure to tell,
How I liked to turn the big roller,
That drew the water up from the well.

The smoke-house, I surely must mention,
The crib, I must not leave alone,
And even just around the corner,
The large old grinding-stone.

The cottage was old, old fashioned,
With windows few and small,
And steps so high and queer-looking,
And a chimney so straight and tall.

The main room was warm and spacious,
With a fire-place large and wide,
And beyond this the bed-room and kitchen,
And a porch at the southern side.

I liked to visit my grandpapa,
He ate such peculiar bread,
And always kept a whole keg of peanuts
Away back under the bed.

My grandfather has moved to Carolina.
The cotter has a different name,
The buildings are partially destroyed
And the surroundings are not just the same.

But though they be changed into castles,
Into mansions, palaces or towers,
Forever will I keep these as treasures
Of childhood's most happy hours.



THE HAPPY DAYS GONE BYE.

I often think of the days, dear boys,
Of the happy days gone bye,
When billows were not on the ocean,
And clouds were not in the sky;
When youthful minds were at liberty,
When Nature was delightful to see,
When the sun had risen before us
To hasten us to eternity.

Could I bring back the days of my childhood,
As memory recalls them to me,
Innumerable are the enjoyments
And many bright faces to see;
Faces that once wore but gladness,
That knew not the sorrows and cares
That we meet on life's field of battle,
And the pathway obstructed with snares.

Bring back to me songs of the woodland,
Of the blue bird, the mocking bird and wren,
Bring back those hours of ramble,
Through forest, through valley and glen.
The hum that comes from the reapers,
The music so sweet from the rill,
Come back like the echo of a bugle
From the summit of a far distant hill.

The fragrance that comes from the orchard,
The whispers so silent from the boughs,
And the dew drop that falls from the blossom,
A feeling of sublimity did arouse;
The voices that come forth from Nature,
From the meadows so damp and so gray,
Like the music of a skillful musician,
Poured forth their melodious lay.

The school house where once I delighted
In games with my playmates so dear,
Brings back to my memory enjoyments
And voices I once loved to hear.

My school days are gone now forever,
My schoolmates I'll meet never more,
But trust that I'll meet them at roll call
In mansions on the opposite shore.

They are gone, the days of most pleasure,
Down the dark lonely valley of time,
But the echoes will ever revibrate
Through the valleys of life's changeful clime
And when life seems a tiresome journey,
When pleasures we almost deny,
I'll harken to the whispers still coming
Of the Happy Days Gone Bye.

THE CIVIL WAR.

We can easily learn from History's page,
How the Nation got mad and was all a rage;
How the "Ship of State" divided her crew,
And after quarreling, they fought it through.
The waves of the Revolution had given her a shock,
But never before had she struck such a rock.
It divided her hull and severed her keel,
And tattered her sails and ribs of steel.
Ah! great was the struggle and terrible the fight,
And many the souls that were called to their flight.
The real cause that made such a thing to be
Was surely the introduction of Slavery.
The battles were many; the armies were strong,
And each side thought that the other was wrong.
The storm moved on with its terrible strength,
Till it swept o'er the Union to all its length.
After it passed over—an elapse of five years,
A newly born nation now appears;
And then, after all of the fears and the harms,
The brothers made friends and laid down their arms.
Oh! may they forever, though enemies once been,
Decide such questions without so much sin.
May He who e'er reigneth o'er the ocean and land,
Pilot us to that harbor with omnipotent hand.

THE ECLIPSE.

The sky was clear, the wind was low,
The moon was fair and bright,
The evening shadows darker grew
At coming of the night;
No sound was heard except the wind,
While passing through the trees,
And tinklings from the herd at graze
Which came from o'er the leas.

A picture on the wall was made
By trees so thick and green;
Beneath each tree with branches low,
A shady vault was seen;
Across the meadows still and dark
The streamlet calmly flowed,
And like a diamond pure and bright
Its silver waters glowed.

The light shone through the window-panes
And painted on the wall,
A picture with a back-ground fair
Of trees that were so tall;
Noiselessly down the wall it crept,
The shadow and the light,
While upward moved the moon in space
In the heavens shining bright.

The moon rose high above the earth,
The stars shone forth with praise;
I thought of those in quiet sleep
Beneath her silver rays;
They dreaded not the coming time
When shadows should appear,
Nor woke to watch the light depart
With trembling and with fear.

But lo! the shadow slowly came
Upon the moon so fair,
Her face was hidden from our sight,
'Twas darkness everywhere;

At length it all did fade away
And in the distance far,
Was seen the glowing radiance
Of a large and brilliant star.

'Twas God Almighty's handiwork
In realms of bliss above,
That tells us of His mighty power—
A Savior's dying love,
An emblem of the coming time
When life shall be no more,
When death has conquered every clime
To Jordon's farther shore.

Oh! woeful creatures of this land,
While hope survives with life,
Remove, oh, quickly! from your souls.
The Eclipse of sin and strife;
Go to the Savior of the world,
Who reigns o'er sea and land,
And be ye saved forevermore
By his almighty hand.

'Tis true that every one must die,
Despite our wealth and strife,
But by the grace of Christ the Lord
We have Eternal Life.
Then let our faces beam with light,
Though mists and fogs do roam,
That we may help some fallen one
To reach the Heavenly home.

TO THE BROOK.

When the long sultry days of the summer
Are come to elongate the year,
When the leaves of the willow are drooping
In the heat of the atmosphere,
When the voice of the song-bird is silent,
And the hum of the reaper is still,
Thou greetest with welcoming laughter,
To partake from thy sparkling rill.

From out the shade of the branches low,
Come forth all thy murmurs so sweet,
And sparkling, bubbling o'er pebbles white,
In echoes thy voices repeat:
"Come on, thou weary and way-worn son,
A welcome is given to thee,
To take from the fountain of Nature rich,
A blessing that is purity."

A blessing thou art from the Father,
Whose mercies thou showest to men,
And sweet are the songs thou singest
In the silence of the dark, lonely glen.
They soothe all the feelings of longing,
They quicken the passion of love,
And cause to vanish all the cares of earth
By whispers of all things above.

A feeling of sublime comes over me,
As I kneel to partake of thy wealth,
And my soul, though heavy with burden,
Is restored to enjoyment and health;
For this is a moment when Nature,
In all of her beauty most fair,
Seems to speak to me of happiness,
And a part of my sorrows to share.

I praise thee for healing my sorrows,
For the lessons made known unto me,
For the promise thy maker hath given,
Of blessings through eternity;
And trust that when'er I approach thee,
Though burdened with life's toilsome ways
I'll harmonize thoughts with thy laughter,
In offering to God all my praise.



MY LITTLE NEPHEW.

(IRL WEBB BROWN.)

To whose tender little heart these lines are most sacredly dedicated.

Sweet little bright-faced man, now do
You know how much I think of you,
 With your tender little heart
 And the tears that I saw start
 When we knew we had to part
 For awhile?
Do you know how much I miss,
When you're way off now like this,
Two little lips I used to kiss—
 And your smile?

I wonder if you've forgotten when we
Played out under the old "Beech Tree,"
 With our windmill in the shade
 And the tunnel that you made
 With your little hoe and spade
 In the sand?
And the time we raked the leaves
To a heap like golden sheaves,
When they got in Lowell's sleeves—
 Wasn't that grand?

Do you remember the time we rode
On the big sled the day it snowed—
 You and Gran'ma Webb and I—
 Down the hill so steep and high?
My! but didn't we make 'er fly
 Through the snow!
Yes, and when I pulled the sled
Up the road the time you said
I was hauling a man that 'us dead—
 Don't you know?

How often I think of you, little man,
And try to measure the tiny span
That connects your heart and mine,
As I trace the little line
Of footsteps you have made to shine
On your way!
And how oft my soul is led
Into golden paths ahead
Where your little feet shall tread
Some sweet day!

May you be happy, my dear little boy,
Through childhood and youth—may many a joy
Greet your manly heart some day,
May your life be pure, and may
Truth and *Beauty* be the way
You shall tread!
May your tender life be spared
Till life's blessings you have shared,
Then may Heaven be declared
Upon you head!



THE BOOK AGENT.

I think I've seed a heap o' folks
With gab an' cheek an' jaw,
But yisterday a feller plum
Beet all I ever saw.
An' talk about yer gumpshun er
Yer gall er nerve er cheek—
My stars alive! W'y that there man
Could almost talk a streak.

He come up to the wood-pile there
Where I'us a pickin on
A piece o' hickry scantlin that
I'd split out there fur John,
An' so I says "good-mornin'," as
I do to anyone
Who comes up when I'm busy, an'
With that, sir, he begun.

An', say, he was a caution!—he
Wuz almost skin an' bones,
An' poor an' bony lookin', most
As Uncle Enoch Jones.
But, nowthen, let me tell you, he
Could almost talk a toon
Fur, my, I guess he kep me there
'Til way up long tords noon.

An' law!—them long fingers—w'y
He run 'em through that book
So plegged fast I think I must
A plum forgot to look
At what I wuz a buyin' then,
But anyhow he said
At that'n wuz the last'n an'
He didn't have a "red"
To git 'im any dinner er
To keep 'im over night,
An' so I thought to buy the thing
'Ud be a doin' right.

Well now, I'll jis' be honest an'
To make a story short,
The feller's got my dollar, an'
I reckon that he'd ort,
Fur somehow that's my failin' when
I'm makin' ov a trade—
I'm most too easy satisfied
An' easy to persuade.
But you jis bet the next'n now
'At comes along with books
'Ill git 'is walkin' papers shore,
I don't keer how 'e looks.
If poor as "Job's ol' turkey," he
Can jis' skeedadle on
Fur when it comes to sellin' books
I'm agent now fur one.

You ast me what the book's about?
Well, now sir, I don't know—
I 'us bit so plegged bad ye see
I didn't darst to show
The thing to Hannar Jane a tall
Cause she'd jis raise "ol' Ned."
An' so I sneaked off to the barn.
An' there behind the shed
I found a crack to poke 'er in
An' there I'll let 'er stay
Until some day when Hannar's gone,
Er on some rainy day,
I'll slip out there an' take 'er out
An' see jis what she is—
(I never b'lieve in doin' things
Like that in such a fizz).

But say now, looky here, my friend,
Don't mention this, an' say.
Some mornin' when you git a chance
You sneak across the way
A actin' like you's huntin' fur
A shoat, er say a cow—

(Of course yer stock's not over here)
But then I'll wonder how
The fence got down, an' then I'll say,
"I guess we'd better look
About the shed—she might be there,"
An'—you can see that book.



THE NEIGHBOR BOYS.

Sometimes when I git to thinkin'
'Bout them good times, don't ye know
My ol' soul jis gits so happy
I can't stay here, so I go
Way back down in Indiany,
Whur the worl's plum full o' joys
Fur a feller when e's playin'
Down there with the neighbor boys.

Plegged if I can't purtny see 'em
Playin' hide-an-seek an' ball,
Skinnin' cats an' cetchin' lizards—
Say, but that jis beats 'em all!
Take a grass, ye know, an' loop 'em—
Great big rusty feller—Say!
Layin' on the fence a sunnin'—
D'ye ever cetch 'em that away?

Stars alive! w'y me an' Enus
(He 'us Okes' boy, ye know)
Ust to sneak off through the orchard
So ol' "Major" couldn't go,
An' we'd cetch two great big fellers—
Bring 'em up there to the road—
Hitch 'em up with strings an' see then
Which could pull the biggest load.

Don't I wish I wuz back down there
Doin' like we ust to do—
Hullin' hick'ry-nuts an' walnuts,
Er a puttin' off there through
Hudson Ray's ol' woods a diggin'
Ginseng jis for 'bout a day—
Feller can jis think about it
'Til it seems plum that away.

Sometimes when I git to musin',
Er a dreamin', I forgit
What I started out to tell ye,
Maby I'll git to it yit.
But ye know a feller's mem'ry
When she gits in runnin' trim
Gits to guglin' an' a bublin'
'Til she's full plum to the rim.

Yes, w'y what I meant to tell ye,
Anyhow before I quit,
Wuz the names ov all my playmates—
Think I recollect 'em yit.
You can't fool me 'tall on faces,
But somehow on names I do
Git mixed up an' can't remember
Allus when I'm wantin to.

Let me see now, there wuz Enus
(Recollect I mentioned him
When I'us tellin' bout them lizards).
Well, sir, he wuz allus slim,
An' as pore—you ort a seed 'im—
But right here I want to say
When it come to games an' workin'
Bet yer boots he's there to stay.

Well, sir, Enus wuz a caution—
W'y I've seed that feller climb
When the limbs 'ud be a crackin'—
I remember now one time
When we's all a gittin' walnuts,
Enus got out on a limb
An' the thing broke off, an'—goodness!
Like t' a been the last o' him!

But sir, don't you know that feller
Kinder stood an' rubbed 'is shin
Long enough to counted twenty
Nen went up that tree again!
W'y it peered like nothin' hurt 'im—
Guess if he'd be in a wreck
You 'ud see 'im out next mornin'
With a rag around 'is neck.
Onct when me an' him wuz fishin'—
Well I guess I'll haft to stop
Fur a feller's out there waitin'
Now a wantin' in the shop—
So you'll haft to stop some evenin',
Er some rainy day perhaps
Would be best, an' nen I'll tell ye
All about them other chaps.



LETTIN' LOOSE.

Now I do not think its logic
Fur us all the time to be
A strainin' every fibre
Gittin' people to agree
That they'd ort to be lots better
Till we come to see the use,
That 'afore they can be better
They have got to let loose.

Now don't misunderstand me,
I believe in high ideals
That haven't been selected
By the way a feller feels,
An' I believe in puttin' forward
All the best things for our use,
But how can people choose 'em
When they won't let loose.

I think a resolution,
If its somethin' new and good,
An' went to make us better
An' to help the neighborhood;
Before we can adopt it,
Er can give it any use,
Will make us feel there's something
We had 'orter let loose.

I've just about concluded
That the worst that's in this life
Is not in hankerin' arter
Wealth and things that make us strife,
But it's kinder in the principle
Of huntin' good for use,
And with the bad we once have
Knowin' how to let loose.

They's talk about conversion,
And the Lord a savin' souls,
An' I know the Lord can do it
Cause he made 'em an' controls
The savin', too, I reckon,
But I think He sees the use
Of makin' every feller
Know he's got to let loose.

Course the hope we have of heaven
Sure depends upon the grip
A feller's got on Jesus—
Er if he lets it slip—
But when it comes to holdin'
To the cross, it ain't no use
To think that we can do it
Till we let the devil loose.

It ain't so much the question
Of the place we see ahead,
Er why the Lord has done it;
But I kinder think instead
It's livin' every minute
For a little bigger use,
A pickin' up more good things
And a lettin' bad uns loose.

WHEN I 'US A LITTLE SHAVER.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver,
I guess about so high,
They said I wuz a captain,
But I couldn't see jes why.
Of course I 'us sometimes naughty like,
An' sometimes purty mean,
But I don't think I 'us meaner though,
'An other boys I've seen.
Fur a boy amongst his playin' food
Must have a little flavor,
At least it 'us somewhat that a-way
When I 'us a little shaver.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver,
Of course like other chaps,
I 'us allus doin' somethin' 'r 'nother
'T I ortent to perhaps—
A throwin' at birds, er makin' a fuss,
Er maby a skinnin' a cat,
An' most of the time a doin things
Fur the boys to be laughin' at.
Of course my mother didn't care
Fur the trouble 'at I gave 'er,
But Pap, you bet, 'ud settle up
When I 'us a little shaver.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver
Pap allus told me I
Must mind the teacher all the time,
An' if I didn't, w'y—
Well, say fur instunce now like this—
Suppose I'd lick a kid
Fur hitten me er cussin me
Like Tommy Spartins did,
An' the teacher she 'ud jerk me up
An' show me special favor—
Pap wuz apt to do the same
When I 'us a little shaver.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver,
In spite of fun an' glee,
I had my ups an' downs ye know,
An' hours of misery—
Maby a stone-bruse on my heel,
Er a big ol' rusty spike,
Er a first-class yallar-jackets' nest—
Guess you've hurd of the like.
An' mother a sayin' in I'd just help
So much hard work I'd save 'er.
It wern't so much fun after all
When I 'us a little shaver.

When I 'us a little bit of a shaver,
Although I 'us full of fun,
I loved the birds an' hills an' trees
As well as anyone.
I loved to hunt the dandelion,
An' climb the sarvis tree;
I loved to find the sparrows' nest,
An' watch the humble-bee.
An' 'way down deep within my heart
Wuz love that ne'er could waver,
An' longings that could not be told
When I 'us a little shaver.

NEWTRALITY.

I never knowed a feller
 'At would try to keep half-way
Between two sides an' argie,
 An' jis' grit his teeth an' stay,
But what he come out worsted,
 Er before the thing wuz through
He had to line up som'ers
 When he wusant wantin' to.

Of course, I hain't a faultin'
 Uv my neighbors fur their odds,
Fur stayin' on the medder
 Stid o' walkin' on the clods,
But when it comes to choosin'
 'Twix the sides of right an' wrong,
They hain't no middle to it
 When it's tested good an' strong.

I don't much like the feller
 'At jis' follers with the crowd,
An' won't start up a furry
 'Cept where some one else has plow'd.
The people kinder run him,
 Fur you'll allus see 'im wait
Before he'll make a motion
 'Til some feller sets the gait.

But he's a plain-out credit;
 Yes, a hundred times to one,
If looked at sorter careful
 After all his work is done,
To the pesky newtral feller
 'At won't foller, lead, ner stay,
An' wants to hide his meanness
 By his keepin' jist half-way.

I'd ruther see him running
Fur the woods with all his might,
'Caze the bullets kinder whistled
Closer 'n what he thought was right,
Than to see a feller settin'
Som'ers off a lookin' on,
An' not enough o' manhood
To enlist an' take a gun.

I know the Lord don't need him.
Fur the Lord hain't got no place
To put 'im in er keep 'im
When he's finished all his race,
'Caze they hain't but two eternal
Fur the folks the Lord has made.
An' they hain't no chums ner choices
In 'em, neither one, ner grade.

A medium that's happy
Is all good enough an' right.
When harmony is needed,
'Twixt extremes that seem to fight,
But a light shirt in the summer
An' a medium fer fall,
With a heavy en' fer winter.
Sure don't mean no shirt at all.

I think we'd better settle
As to jist which side we'll take,
While this ol' earth's a-standin',
An' before she starts to quake,
'Caze the Lord knows all about us,
An' if we don't take our choice
He'll haft to do it fer us,
An' without our vote er voice.

OUT IN PIKE COUNTY, INDIANA.

I hadn't seed Susanar
Sence way long—let me see—
When wuz the Sasination,
Has it ben two year er three?
Well, anyhow last August
Susan kep a coaxin so
I told Pearline I reckoned
'At we'd try to fix and go.

Well, I couldn't blame Susanar
Fur she'd allus ben the pet
An' the baby of the fam'ly
I jest somehow plum forget
'At she's grown to be a woman,
Married off an' she and Ike
Doin' well, I guess, a livin
On a farm out here in Pike.

Doin' well, I guess, considerin'
Way the times is—course they've had
Some good luck this year I reckon,
Nen agin they've had some bad—
Long last spring in March er Aprile,
Think it wuz—their baby died.
Somehow ever sence Susanar
Seems like can't be satisfied.

Pore thing wuz so glad to see us.
Ike, he said we had to stay
Two weeks anyway an' visit.
Said he'd got in all his hay,
"An they haint no use in talkin'
Now," sez 'e, "you'll stay right here
Tel you've had a good long visit
Bein's ye had to come so fur."

While we's out there all the teachers
Had a meetin' at Winslow—
Sort of an instoot, I reckon.
Ike, he put at me to go,

Said he'd take a sack of taters
To the hotel there—nen we
'Ud go an' set an' look an' lisen
Bein's the lecturin wuz free.

Course I never had much larnin,
Never had a chance ye know,
Fur they wern't much schools in my time,
When they wuz we couldn't go.
Allus somethin' needin doin',
So us youngsters had to root
Fur our livin'—nen in them days
Never hurd of an institoot.

Don't ye know I had no idy
How much larnin 'at it took
Now-a-days to git a feller
So's to teach a boy a book.
W'y they talked about persepshun,
Home envirmunt an' the like,
Mental growth an' sani—somethin'—
Bet they've got fine schools in Pike!

W'y, pleg-on, they had a feller
From way out in Ohio,
Little bit of a puny shaver.
My! but he's a smart un though.
Wore nose glasses—say, you orter
Hurd him lectur—I hurd one
'At he give about some writer,
Think he called him Tennyson.

Nen they had another feller
Frum way out—well I don't know—
Anyhow he taught 'em music,
He's a regular monkey show;
Curly headed—My! I reckon—
Made me think of Isrel Hess
When he said a piece that mornin'
'Fore they dismissed fur recess.

Nen they had a right old feller,
Think he'd ben away out west—
Had a magic lantern with 'im,
Guess that must a ben the best—
Cause he'd had so much expurence,
Nen the old man seemed so nice,
Head plum bal', an nice gray whiskers—
Shuck hands with 'im onct er twist.

Well, the feller who wuz bossin,
Er a runnin' of the thing,
Wuz a caution—wisht you'd seed him.
When they all got up to sing—
Plum bal' headed—well, I reckon,
Round the edge they wuz a few
Stray light hairs and up on top, I
Think, perhaps, wuz one or two.

'Perd like I had seed the feller,
Any how so many times
He made me think of that old feller
'At we called "Old Father Grimes."
Best thing though I liked about 'im
Wuz the way he had his fun,
Gettin' jokes off on the fellers
'At wuz doin' the lecturun.

Teachers! My! Old Pike has got 'em,
Mighty good 'uns, too, I ekspect.
Ain't so monstrous ugly nuther
Think if I can rickollect.
More espesuly the wimen—
Course the boys they never do
Take much pains to fix I reckon—
Guess most everywhere's that's true.

Tell ye now, ef me an' Perlinie
Go agin to see Susan
Think I'll write before and axem
Fur to find out, if they can,
When they'll have another meetin,
So's to leave the farm with Mike,
Nen I want to take it all in
Next time we go out in Pike.

IT'S JIST WHAT'S IN 'IM.

It ain't so much a feller's clothes
It ain't so much as to what he knows
Er what he pays, er what he owes
 Er what's agin' 'im—
 It's jist what's in 'im.

I b'lieve if it's in a man to do
What God 'as planned out fur 'im to
It ain't no use fur me ner you
 To try to pin 'im—
 It's jist what's in 'im.

If it's downright in a man to steal
It won't be very long till he'll
Do some devilment an' seal
 The law agin' 'im—
 It's jist what's in 'im.

Of course I know they's some who say
That more 'an likely it's the way
A feller's chances air—but they
 Jist help begin 'im—
 It's jist what's in 'im.

W'y I've seed horses long 'fore now
'At wouldn't pull a pound, an' how
You'd coax an' whop an' almost vow
 You'd like to skin 'em—
 It's jist what's in 'im.

'Nen I've seed some pore ol' plug
Jist git right down an' pull an' tug
Until you'd purt'ny want to hug
 Instead of gin 'im—
 It's jist what's in 'im.

I don't know, I sometimes think
When I see a man jist drink an' drink
An' keep it up until he'll sink
 Too low to win 'im—
 It's jist what's in 'im.

I may be wrong, but I'll tell you
When I'm a huntin' a man that's true
I want to look 'im through an' through
 Before I chin 'im—
 It's jist what's in 'im.



SOWIN' ON BUTTONS.

Sowin' on buttons is
Nothin' more
Than fixin' what 'us
Right before—
In other words it's
Gittin' back
To where the thing first
Flew the track.

Ye know they's lots o'
People who
Are jist that way in
What they do.
Instid o' grabbin'
'Fore they slip
They're allus patchin'
What they rip.

And when they're doin'
Jist their best
They'se workin' harder 'n
All the rest,
An' don't see why er
How they caint
Be like their neighbors
When they ain't.

I think they's whole lots
Better use
In keepin' things frum
Bustin' loose,
Than workin' hard as
Ye can pelter
A fixin' somethin'
Out o' kelter.



THE SEWING PARSON.

If we'd do more to
Fix things straight
We'd not be allus
Breakin' gait
An' haft to work our
Daylights out
To get back where we
Lost the route.

A BOOK PRESENTED TO A LADY FRIEND.

A X'mas gift I 'us meant to be,
But some how, accidentally
Or otherwise, I don't just know
Exactly how it happened so,
But rather think a letter went
To where it wasn't to be sent
And some how got things mixed up so
I hardly knew just where to go.
But as the letter's now in line
I thought I'd come as a Valentine—
Yet, be that as it may, I'm here
With all the wishes of the year,
Of X'mas time, of sleigh and sled,
And all the good things done and said,
Of hopes and resolutions made,
And old ways broken—yes, and laid
Forsaken in a heap at last
With deeds and actions of the past—
But I must not forget to tell—
The one who wrapped me up so well,
Before he'd let me come today,
Made me promise that I'd say
A word or two for him, and so
He said, "Now when you go
You take my kindest wishes too,
And be a good book—now you do!"

WON'T YOU BE ENLISTED?

A call for Christian soldiers!
Do you hear the sound?
Needed for the conflict,
Where will they be found?
Who will answer quickly,
With a manly cheer?
Won't you be enlisted
As a volunteer?

Chorus—

A volunteer for Jesus,
A soldier true;
Others have enlisted,
Won't you be, too.
Jesus is the captain,
He will never fear.
Won't you be enlisted
As a volunteer?

Jesus wants your manhood,
Your strength and power,
Wants you in his service
Every day and hour.
He will not forsake you;
He is ever near.
Won't you be enlisted
As a volunteer?

He wants you for he loves you
With a heart most kind,
That once was pierced and broken
For all mankind.
But now his voice is calling
In an accent clear,
Won't you be enlisted
As a volunteer?

And when the war is over,
And the victory won;
When the roll is called in Heaven
And we answer one by one,
He will crown us with his glory,
Mid the angel's music clear.
Won't you be enlisted
As a volunteer?

CLOUD OR SUNSHINE.

Every sky that glistens with the golden day
Meets with clouds of sorrow darkly o'er the way.
If we are the sunshine clouds will quickly flee
And the soul that met them will be light and free.

Chorus—

Are you cloud or sunshine in the world today?
Are you spreading darkness or a golden ray?
Has some heart been darkened by your cloud of sin?
Have you been the sunshine, helping others win?

Sunshine would be brighter for us all the day
If the clouds of darkness were all kept away.
Why not be the sunlight, filling hearts with cheer,
Driving far away the sorrow we meet here.

There are souls in darkness that might be made bright
If those who are God's children would but shed some light;
There are hearts all shadowed o'er by sin and shame
Waiting for a sunbeam given in His name.

Let us then look upward for a golden gleam
Out of heaven's sunlight 'till our faces beam;
Then with hearts of kindness let us make while here,
Lives of others brighter with our sunshine cheer.

THE GOOD OL' "AIRLINE."

I jist thought while I'us a settin' here
An' had nothin' else to do
I'd write Jim a letter, best I could,
Cause I kinder promised to,
An' tell 'im about the circumstance
Uv the farm sence he's ben 'way
Fur Jim wuz allus a right good boy—
But jist 'us I 'us a goin' to say—

I wern't born along no river
Like so many fellers boast,
Where the corn is all a taslin'
An' a sparklin' in the frost—
Dewberry vines in the medder,
'Simmon tree on the hill,
Cowslips an' the daises
A noddin' fit to kill—
But I'll tell ye what's the matter,
Nice as any river flowed,
Runnin' right a past my door, sir,
Is the good ol' airline road.

I remember when they built it
I 'us livin' on this farm
Most o' people then condemned it
('Bout the time I broke my arm),
And they sed the people's taxes
Would git bigger every day,
An' it'd even scare the horses
'Til they'd ever' one run 'way.
Lots uv work it took to build it
Through these hills an' hollers deep,
But they dug and scraped an' blasted
'Til they built er, don't you weep.
Had to make some cuts an' bridges,
Dig a tunnel, one or two,
An', of course, it cost like sixty
'Fore they got 'er put clean through.

Some folks never like to hear 'em
Puff an' whistle by the door,
But I kespect they'd start to grumble
If they'd stop an' pass no more.
Course I never like to idle
All my time away—that's wrong,
But I allus stop an' watch 'er
When the passenchur goes along.
An' I'll tell ye there is somethin'
'Bout the train I love to see,
An' about the river flowin'—
That's the way it'll allus be.
Menye a time I've run my best, sir,
Jist to git to see the train,
An' as old as I'm agittin',
Yisterday I did agin'.

I remember I wuz plowin'
When they fetched the letter home,
An' they said that Jess wuz dyin'
An' had rit fur me to come,
An' I dropped my plow an' started—
Tol' the chilern to onhitch,
An' I heard the train a roarin'
'Fore I'd hardly reached the switch—
I 'us jist in time to ketch 'er
As she went a rollin' out,
An' my heart wuz jist plum broken,
Yit my muscles did seem stout.
An' the dear ol' train soon took me
To the place where Jess wuz laid,
Just in time to reach the bed-side
'Fore my dearest son 'us ded.
When he spoke—his eyes all starin'—
Reached an' took me by the hand,
Said, sez-e, "Dear Pap, I'm goin'
On a train that's long an' grand."

When I ax'ed 'im if to heaven
With a nod he shut his eyes,
Then the spirit which I prayed for
Took it's flight into the skies.

Oh! how often when I'm weary,
An' can hear the whistle blow,
Comes the thought of that sad journey
To my heart that's akin' so.
But to me the "Airline Railroad"
Is as dear as any stream
As the rattlin, ruunin' engine
Passes like the swiftest dream,
An' as long as I can listen,
An' can hear the far-off roar,
I shall wait to hear the whistle
Of *that* train across the shore.



KEEP IN SIGHT OF THE CROSS.

If you have burdens too heavy to bear,
Keep in sight of the cross.
If you want some one to help you them share,
Keep in sight of the cross.

Chorus—

Jesus is there with a heart that is true,
Anxious to help you whatever you do.
Hands once all pierced and bleeding for you,
Keep in sight of the cross.

If you have sins unforgiven today,
Keep in sight of the cross.
If you want Jesus to take them away,
Keep in sight of the cross.

If you would make of your failure success,
Keep in sight of the cross.
If your soul needs a true Savior to bless,
Keep in sight of the cross.

Does the world show you no pity or love,
Keep in sight of the cross.
If you would live for a mansion above,
Keep in sight of the cross.



WHAT YOU DO FOR JESUS WILL BE GLORY BYE
AND BYE.

Does your heart grow heavy
With the task you have to bear?
Do you feel discouraged
With no answer to you prayer?
Don't forget that some one
Will remember when you try
What you do for Jesus
Will be glory bye and bye.

Every little kindness
We have done for Him while here,
Every smile of sunshine
That we've scattered anywhere,
Will be joys in heaven
There awaiting you and I.
What you do for Jesus
Will be glory bye and bye.

Has your soul been burdened
For a lost one to regain?
Has your heart been aching?
Does your labor seem in vain?
No, the Master sent you
And He heard your earnest cry,
What you do for Jesus
Will be glory bye and bye.

Some day when our labors
Here are over, one by one,
We shall live forever
For the deeds that we have done.
Pain we've felt will vanish
When we see the city nigh,
What we do for Jesus
Will be glory bye and bye.

GOD IS STILL CALLING YOU.

Though you may never have heard His voice,

God is still calling you.

Though you have sought not to make Him your choice,

God is still calling you.

If you have wandered in ways of despair,

Still in His heart is a tenderest care,

Blessings unnumbered that you may yet share,

God is still calling you.

Years passing swiftly no answer has come,

God is still calling you.

Some day He'll bid those He loves to come home,

God is still calling you.

If you now turn from His mercy away

He will deny you in heaven some day.

Will you, oh brother, come now while you may,

God is still calling you.

Long you have sought the rough pathway of sin,

God is still calling you.

Do you not feel there is pardon within,

God is still calling you.

Open your heart to His tenderest plea—

Sinner, that voice has been calling for thee,

Happy in heaven forever to be,

God is still calling you.

Will you not answer His pleading tonight?

God is still calling you.

Will you not enter the battle for right?

God is still calling you.

Satan will leave you if you will obey,

Jesus will take all your burden away,

Heaven will greet your glad soul some sweet day,

God is still calling you.

DON'T FORGET THAT JESUS LOVES YOU.

Don't forget that Jesus loves you,
In the busy walk of life
When the weary hours of toil so crowd the way;
When the path is steep and rugged
And the burden seems so great,
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

Chorus—

Don't forget that Jesus loves you,
Don't forget the tender heart
That bled for you and washed your sins away;
Don't forget that He is near you
With His bleeding hands and side,
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

Don't forget that Jesus loves you
When the tempter bids you yield,
When the hosts of sin have met you in array;
Don't forget that Jesus met them
And will save you from them all,
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

Don't forget that Jesus loves you
When afflictions press you hard,
When the hand of death is bidding you obey;
Just remember He is with you
And will lead you gently through,
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

Don't forget that Jesus loves you,
Brother, in you sin and woe,
For He longs to cast your darkness all away;
Don't forget that you must meet Him
When the judgment day shall be,
Don't forget that Jesus loves you every day.

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